

# one

OCTOBER 1959

FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



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# one incorporated

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*A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.*



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**one**

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"... a mystic bond  
of brotherhood  
makes all men one."

Carlyle

**magazine**

**Volume VII**

**Number 10**

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**COVER PHOTO:** K. Ortloff

# EDITORIAL

A few fainthearted readers are regularly disturbed by some unpretty contents of the news column, "tangents"—those unseemly tragedies and scandals that are so terribly a part of homophile life today. "Why mention these awful things?" these readers ask, in complaints once well summed up in ONE's pages by Geraldine Jackson: "This is a *terrible* propaganda."

We do not agree with this view. Why pretend that the "gay" life is always a bed of roses? Yet, when these objections are motivated by the pollyanna complex, there seems to be no answer for it. Persons who demand sweetness-and-light, and a good false front, just aren't likely to be talked into the "Let's-face-the-facts" approach. What we think is needed, what has never before been available, and what ONE is attempting to supply, is the frank and full truth about homosexuals, both the good and the bad. The bad side has already been overstressed, and we aren't trying to give it more emphasis. We are trying to emphasize the good side, and something new, to get both good and bad into proper perspective.

In more than forty installments of "tangents" to date, less than one third of the space has been given to arrests, trials, murders, police actions and such unsavories — though we receive far more such stories than "tangents" retells. On the other hand, we generally are unable to mention most good things that happen to homosexuals—spectacular personal triumphs in the world of the arts, politics or "Society," etc.—not because these things don't happen regularly, or aren't valid news, but because the individuals concerned, even those making no particular effort to hide their homosexuality, still could be hurt by such a story published about them. So long as homosexuals who make "good" news can't afford to be publicly labelled, these other sordid stories seem to leave a distasteful and distorted impression. Yet these grim stories are news. They are of vital importance to homosexuals — certainly to those personally involved, and also to all who are running risks whereby they might later become involved in such affairs. And "tangents" is still the only source that attempts systematically and fairly to cover what is happening to homosexuals today.

Still, some will say, don't mention these things at all — they put homosexuals in a bad light. They make people think we're all criminals. Yet the boy, girl, man or woman who is living an overt homosexual life, and yet imagines himself or herself beyond the reach of legal crisis and

scandal ("Oh, I never take the sort of risks *that* one does!") is living in a fool's paradise.

It is not because we love to wallow in juicy scandal, or because we wish to show homosexuals in a bad light that we report cases of homosexuals being beaten, arrested, blackmailed or murdered — and yes, even cases of homosexuals doing objectionable, obscene or vicious things.

We print such stories first and foremost to show that many laws in this field, and some law enforcement agencies, in their treatment of homosexuals, offend against true legality, decency, constitutional rights and justice. We are saying that many of these homosexuals ought not to have been arrested, that many laws under which they are daily being arrested are improper and illegal.

Nor is it only the ones who ask for it who get in trouble. Many individuals do behave quite foolishly, considering the risks involved. Nor would we deny that the offensive public behavior of some people — homosexual or heterosexual—merits a degree of legal restraint. But though it might *seem* that those whose homosexuality is most public stand the greatest chance of getting in trouble, many police actually by-pass obvious queens and hustlers (unless a colorful bar raid is needed to juice up a lagging political campaign, or divert public attention from serious police scandals) and deliberately go after the harder-to-identify types. Even if arrested, the homosexual whose life is already an open book stands to lose far less than the secret homosexual. It is the secret ones whose presence generates the greatest public animosity. People may laugh uneasily at the outrageously obvious queen, but the idea that their own handsome, manly looking cousin, or neighbor, or bosom buddy, is "one of *those*" really curdles their blood (excepting those individuals who are not bothered by the subject at all). And to the typical cop, the secret homosexuals will appear all the more dangerous *just because* you can't spot them a mile off.

So when you read these terrible little stories about things that are happening to homosexuals every day, don't say smugly, "It can't happen to me" or "it's no concern of mine." If you are sensible, it probably won't happen to you, but it is wise to know how to handle such a situation in case it does happen. And it is the concern of every homosexual — of every human.

Lyn Pedersen, Associate Editor

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## the setting

Cherry Grove has, for its size, probably the most sinfully attractive reputation in the world. Fifty miles from New York, three miles out in the Atlantic, on a partially wooded, roadless sand bar. Cherry Grove began as a kind of hideaway for a small group of creative people who could manage to disentangle themselves from the cultural rigors of the big city—from the fabric house to the fine arts. The geographical inconvenience, the fifty miles of uninterrupted beach and surf, the secluded sand dunes on the shore and the impenetrable underbrush of scrub oak and pine on the bay side, made the island a retreat and the antithesis of city life, as well as an escape from the censures of small-town opinion.

Living conditions used to (and often still do) consist of merely a shack with third-hand furniture, an ice box, and hand-pump for sometimes brackish water. This courageous kind of simplicity used to suggest old clothes, cheap paint, if any, and drift wood for house repairs. Now the shack is usually rented in the summer season for \$850. to \$2000. Innumerable bedrooms have been added on, and the original "living room" functions almost solely as a cocktail bar from 11:30 a.m. to the next sunrise. The decor is often a hodge-podge, or elaborate, or deceptively simple. Architectural styles range from the Cocteau-kind of manse to the enlarged walk-in closet. The interiors may have a grand piano with a studded motorcycle jacket thrown on it, *trompe l'oeil* murals, or be a New England sort of shore-house or an artist's studio.

## the costumes

But the most interesting variety of tastes is noticeable more quickly to

the visitor in the clothing worn at "The Grove." Some items are home-made, but most have come from Italy, France, the Orient, Helsinki or L. A. In effect, Cherry Grove is a kind of try-out or open-air rehearsal for next year's fashions. Many male models (professional or otherwise) exhibit custom-made shoes, trousers, trunks, sweaters and so on from bar to beach, from house to house and from hour to hour. These styles, such as the cut of Western Levi's, are taken up by the small specialty stores that have sprung up in east side New York and Greenwich Village in the last ten years—the shops that cater to the well kept male physique and which stock size 28 as a matter of course where 30 is the smallest waist size one can find ready-made anywhere else in the city.

Worn to the offices on Madison Avenue and Wall Street, and to the club-type bars, the less flamboyant styles are soon adopted by the suburbanites who still want to be cosmopolitan, and then by the more expensive outlets, such as the institutionalized six-story clothing store, the small upstairs university outfitters and the conventional Madison Avenue clothes shops. The new style is now called the Western look, the Italian cut, or English tailoring, according to the kind of snob appeal the particular store encourages. But whatever the origin of a style, it is probable that it had its taste and/or popularity tested at Cherry Grove by those who have the cash, the intellectual independence, and the flair (or foolhardiness) to avoid the conventional. And so the hip-hugging slack, loafers, below-the-naval swim trunks, the bikini-type underwear, the form-fitting T shirt along with grey-flannel, the Italian leg, and the cowboy pocket penetrate to the far purlieus of Grand Island, Nebraska, under the staid auspices of nationally-known brand names, and, finally, become acceptable to the august pages of the Sears, Roebuck cata-

logues. And the young adventurer fresh out of the hinterlands brings his body to fabled Cherry Grove dressed in the very clothes his hosts wore and in the styles they helped set some five or ten years earlier.

While the rest of the world is quick to pick up a fashion, it is at Cherry Grove where they most often begin. This is, I think, because (despite their egoistic clothes consciousness) the people of Cherry Grove couldn't care less about being correctly and properly in fashion, conventionally speaking.

The same spirit that prompted a group of individuals to settle on this last frontier, in what had previously been considered a waste land in the middle of a cold ocean, still continues—as it always does continue in creative activity—in an atmosphere that is primarily humanistic rather than commercial or conventional.

It is always amusing in the light of this to hear a conservative dresser deplore "all that flamboyance at The Grove," when the very details in his own apparel, which he accepts, more than likely were originally used to shock, or at least to attract a sensual kind of attention. But now this same fellow uses these same styles as a kind of universally accepted mask for his own unacknowledged preoccupations when he goes to the office, visits his home town, or the like, and wishes to show how a dignified conservative person dresses, never, we can be sure, having ever set foot on that island of tasteless sartorial display, Cherry Grove.

## the show

The Cherry Grove Reviews are a unique institution. Like most community playhouses, it exists, practically speaking, to pay for community expenses; at Cherry Grove it may be for boardwalk repairs, fire-fighting equipment or the up-keep of

the doctor's house. But this enterprise is a facet, a gleaming facet, of the social mores of Cherry Grove. "The show," as it is simply called, never pretends to be as ambitious as a seriously produced review or musical or to compete in any way with the expensive productions in New York. It only tries to entertain, and not to astound, dazzle or impress. The numbers and skits consist almost entirely of different versions of a "running gag," as it were. They are, in the overall effect, one continuous and humorous (i.e., side-splitting) comment on the rest of the world. And so the show is actually a comment on its own world, the specialized world of its audience.

The program usually consists of a parody on the latest hit show on Broadway, some devastatingly literal interpretations of advertising slogans, current fads, or any other kind of cliché, and a few "blackouts"—the quick build-up, punchline and lights-out formula—as well as continuous references, aspersions, and "exposés" of Cherry Grove itself. Unlike most amateur theatricals, wit usually carries the show instead of being an occasional item in the program. And it is funny, not smutty or desperately off-color. The whole tone of the show is amazingly successful in view of the lack of rehearsals and preparation and the primary reliance on talent, or, at the least, exuberance. This success, both financially and dramatically, may be because the people who contribute scripts, costumes, sets and who take roles are more often than not making a living in a field allied to some other aspect of public display not so terribly far removed from the theatre—art, advertising, clothing, design and the like.

The Cherry Grove show is a specialized production secure in its very unprofessionalism with a specialized audience delighting in the rare experience of being personally, privately

and exclusively entertained, a situation that has not existed since Spenser wrote *The Faerie Queene* for Queen Elizabeth or since Bach sent off a masterpiece to fill up conversational gaps at Brandenburg.

Of course, the Cherry Grove shows do not contribute masterpieces to the cultural history of mankind. Not directly, anyway. But that is part of the definition of their function: to entertain in the most effervescent way, spontaneously, for the occasion and with no regard for permanence, or for opinion.

Would it hurt to extract a serious meaning from this odd phenomenon, the Cherry Grove Show? After all, any organized activity has to fit in some way into its civilization's philosophy, no matter how off-beat it may be. The obvious "meaning" of the parodies, the lampoons and satires is simply that nothing is, if you take a good look at it, so very sacred—except man's humanity, and that too, God help us, wavers. But humanism, like life itself, seems to survive best where its security is worried about least, and the foolhardiness of the comic is not so far removed from the more careful evaluations of the philosopher. The great comedians, like Chaplin and Emmett Kelly, know that. And a good laugh, which the Cherry Grove show is, always leaves a salutary effect with you the next day.

The old *opera comique*, the medieval minstrels, the Roman Circus and the Keystone Comedies are stuck on pins now, as a part of the lore of the theatre and of history. But the spirit of the Cherry Grove shows will dissipate, I think, into the rafters of the Community House. It will never be pulled back down, recorded on film or paper, or turned into a research thesis. Instead, like a family joke, and like the best part of history, it will be lost—and that, we think, with a reminiscent smile, is as it should be.

# CYNOSURE

by Epsilon

A girl sitting in back of me noticed him first and then everyone turned to look. At first I thought it was his bright sports shirt that attracted attention, but when he started rolling his eyes, I knew exactly what it was.

We were on a guided tour of New York and at the moment the bus was stopped by a red light. The traffic was heavy and moved slowly. The boy on the sidewalk was headed in our direction and for four blocks he and the bus moved abreast. The individual who had attracted our attention was wearing a very bright shirt featuring a floral design; his black tight pants were too short; the cuffs were even with the tops of his socks. He was rolling his eyes and walking with a terrific swagger and was too, too obvious.

A scream of delight went up from those on the bus and the boy gave a delighted smile and rolled his eyes at us. "Who saw him first?" someone yelled. The girl behind me said "I did. I was just looking out the window and then I saw him roll his eyes. I don't know *what* to think."

The light changed and the bus crawled ahead. At the next light everyone watched back anxiously and, sure enough there he was. When he came even with the bus, a boy stuck his head out the window and yelled, "There's a boy in here who would like to date you!" The gay boy rolled his eyes and formed the words "come on" with his lips. I felt extremely uncomfortable.

The male chaperone, the athletic director of our school, stood and motioned for silence. I thought it was to reprimand the group, but instead he made an effeminate wave of his hand and squealed, "Now you all hush that!" The response to this travesty was deafening.

We had progressed two blocks and the object of derision on the sidewalk had had ample opportunity to quit the game but for some reason chose not to do so. He acted pleased at the attention he was receiving. He bit his lip, smoothed his hair, and turned his head—but he still smiled. He was overcome, rather than embarrassed, by the reception he was getting.

Once, when he realized he was shielded from our sight by a group of people on the outside of the sidewalk, he quickly walked ahead of them, smiling and rolling those eyes.

The guide at the front of the bus then stood up and boasted, "Never let it be said that the—tour doesn't show you everything!" He was laughing so hard tears were rolling down his cheeks.

Finally the traffic cleared and, thank God, the bus moved ahead. Before we lost sight of our friend a last glimpse showed him still smiling.

# ***so the chief of police said to the royal commission...***

By JIM EGAN

As readers of "Tangents," July '59, ONE, already know, a recent Canadian Royal Commission on the Criminal Law Relating to the Criminal Sexual Psychopath has completed its enquiry and handed in its report to the Minister of Justice, Davie Fulton, at Ottawa. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the findings or recommendations of the Commission—beyond noting that, as might be expected, the homosexual minority was given the usual raw deal.

It should be understood, however, that Royal Commissions base (largely) their findings upon information they receive from a number of different sources. There are, for example, briefs presented by public organizations, legal bodies, various governmental departments and interested individuals. Certain organizations and individuals are specifically invited by the Commission to present briefs or to appear as witnesses. Public sittings are held in each of the Provincial capital cities and elsewhere at which

witnesses give *viva voce* evidence. In addition, private sittings are also held to allow witnesses to make confidential statements.

The Report under discussion lists 81 organizations and over 100 individuals who either submitted briefs or personally appeared before the Commission. Need it be mentioned that no reference appears to any representation on behalf of the homosexual minority? Is it any wonder, then, that the Commission findings as regards homosexuality were much less than fair or favorable? Since it is largely upon the briefs and evidence that the Commission bases its findings it is hard to see how they could have arrived at conclusions other than those set out in their Report. It is deplorable that in the Dominion of Canada not a voice was raised to present the homosexual viewpoint.

On the other hand, apparently deemed of such value as to warrant inclusion in the Report itself, we have excerpts from the evidence of Chief of

Police (of Toronto) Chisholm relating to homosexuality. The Chief, by the way, has since committed suicide . . . His evidence which follows, with comments, is a typical masterpiece of libel, distortion, innuendo and gross misrepresentation.

"Homosexuality is a constant problem for the Police in larger centers": note the word "constant." It insinuates that every day and night the police are dealing with homosexual offenders or "problems"—obviously untrue. Not even "some of the police" but "the police"—every one of them . . . When do they then find time to arrest bank-robbers or put parking tickets on cars? And what is the "problem" that is "constant"? I presume that this is left to one's imagination.

"And if the Police adopt a *laissez-faire* attitude toward such individuals, City parks, intended for the relaxation of women and children and youth recreation purposes, will become rendezvous for homosexuals": certainly no one will accuse the Chief's uniformed bully-boys of a "*laissez-faire* attitude"—but despite this lack there are a number of Toronto parks that are, and have been for years, homosexual rendezvous without interfering in the slightest with the "relaxation of women and children etc." The reason for this, which the Chief just forgot to mention (an honest slip, no doubt) is that the homosexual who "cruises" the park invariably does so long after dark and long after all the women and children are so relaxed as to be sound asleep at home. He also forgot to mention that only about one homosexual in ten (at most) ever frequents the parks (another honest slip).

"In addition to his immoral conduct, the homosexual requires further Police protection, as he is often the victim of gang beatings, or robbery with violence, and is easy prey for the extortionist and blackmailer": note the skill with which the phrase "is

immoral conduct" is used. Not "some homosexual immoral conduct" but "his"—implying that all homosexuals are *per se*: immoral. And just imagine! Not only are all homosexuals immoral, but they (deliberately?) get beaten up and murdered just to make more work for the long-suffering Police—who, one might think, if properly attending to the "constant problem," should be able to prevent the "robberies with violence and gang beatings"—or do they really care? No doubt it escaped the Chief's attention that only the unjust anti-homosexual laws make it possible to beat, rob, murder and blackmail the homosexual with virtual impunity. And by the vindictive manner of the laws' enforcement by both police and courts, the criminals are actually encouraged to victimize the homosexual. "Homosexuals have been stabbed and wounded and in a few cases have even been murdered": a few cases? I have it on good authority that four were murdered in Vancouver alone last year. And isn't it too bad that the Chief didn't carry on and tell the Commission what usually happens to the murderers when (if) they appear in court. The Crown paints a touching picture of how this fine, manly, red-blooded youth was approached by the victim (conveniently unable to defend himself) and invited to his apartment. Here, after a drink or two, the "sex-pervert" made "indecent advances." What would any normal, decent boy (?) do, under the circumstances—(apart, of course, from simply walking out)? Why, he defended his virtue with his fists and, infuriated with disgust and horror, hit a little too hard—the "queer" got only what he deserved! With nothing said to present the other side of the case, the murderer is let off on a plea of "self-defense" or is given a ridiculously light sentence on a reduced charge. But how about that "other side of the

case"? No one comes forward to say that the "fine, manly, red-blooded youth is nothing but a male prostitute who can be found in one of the gay bars or parks any night of the week, sitting and talking with homosexuals and drinking all he can cadge from them. No one questions the murderer's claim that "he didn't know the other was a queer"—what? After sitting and drinking with him most of the evening? What did he think he was being invited to the apartment for?—to discuss politics? What really innocent youth would sit and drink at another man's expense all evening and then accompany him to his apartment at 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning? No indeed, there were many interesting details that the Chief neglected to mention to the Commission.

"The saddest feature of all, however, is that homosexuals corrupt others and are constantly recruiting youths of previous good character into their fraternity": isn't this a masterpiece of distortion and libel? "The saddest feature of all": even sadder than seeing a defenseless homosexual beaten, murdered and robbed and his killer get off? "Homosexuals corrupt others": not, you will note, "some homosexuals" but "homosexuals"—every single one of them "constantly" corrupt others by recruiting." If they are "constantly" corrupting others, when do they find time to work, eat, sleep or even to be beaten up and robbed? Even if we allow a little exaggeration here for the righteous indignation that fills the Chief's bosom, upon what (unnamed) authority does he so assuredly state that homosexuals are capable of "corrupting" others and of recruiting them into the fraternity? Note also, that once "recruited" the youths (now presumably homosexuals) were of "previous" good character—a state quite foreign, of course, to all homosexuals. I can only say that if the

Chief really believed all this guff then he had scant confidence in the power of the heterosexual impulse and even less in the stability and will-power of the normal youths—who, surely, were as capable at least of defending their virtue as is the normal girl who must receive many more offers of "recruitment" in the course of a week than the youth would receive in a year.

"Some people go so far as to almost morally justify the misconduct of the homosexual": who are the mysterious "some people?" Why "almost?" What is meant by "misconduct"? Does "misconduct" mean sex acts performed between adults, in private? Is it the action of an adult who sexually abuses a youngster? The Chief, obviously, draws no distinction between the two. That a great distinction exists should be obvious to a mule. Thus, "some people" — obviously homosexuals—"almost morally justify" molestation of youngsters as well as sex between adults—and this is nothing but arrant nonsense as the Chief must have known. A pity he didn't name the "some people" who held this point of view.

"The inference being in some quarters, that because men of intellect and culture (that's a dangerous admission, Chief) have been homosexuals, such behaviour is to be excused, condoned and even accepted in the community": you can see that what is slyly being implied here (in conjunction with the previous quote) is that homosexual "quarters" not only justify every kind of homosexual sex acts, but are trying to have them "excused, condoned and accepted." Were the matter not so serious, it could be almost amusing to think that any group would be so utterly bereft of all reason, decency, common-sense and propriety as to actually attempt to influence society to excuse, condone and accept the molestation of its children, or any manifestation of homosex-

uality that could be shown to offer even the slightest threat to the freedoms, rights or welfare of society itself. No other minority group in the country could be so maligned by a public official, without a vestige of evidence to support the statements, and fail to arouse an outburst of general indignation.

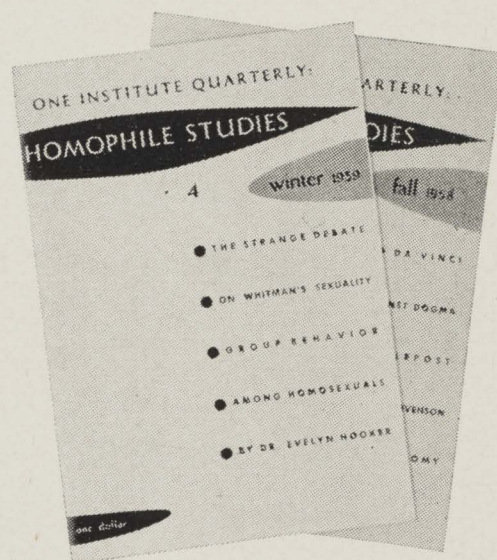
The final sentence of the "evidence" (I use this word here in its loosest sense) is so outrageous as to be almost without equal:

"Surely this is a dangerous trend and an insult to the intelligence of the masses": the only "dangerous trend" in evidence is the fact that a Royal Commission would take the absurd diatribe so seriously as to include it in the Report and, one presumes, base, at least to some extent, its findings and recommendations upon a libellous and cunning drivel which, itself, is the insult, not only to the "masses" but to the homosexual minority, the Royal Commission and to every canon of decency, truth, justice and the precepts of the Declaration of Human Rights.

If the homosexuals need any further evidence of the need to fight for their rights, surely the remarks of Chief Chisholm should provide it in abundance. Remember—while you are sitting and convulsing yourselves over the latest "Toronto Fairy-Go-Round" there is legislation on the books that could, upon conviction of a single homosexual offence, send you to a penitentiary for an "indeterminate period"—and that could mean for the rest of your natural life! Every thinking homosexual in Canada should send a letter of protest to Justice Minister Davie Fulton at Ottawa, protesting the present legislation and denying the truth of 95% of Chief Chisholm's evidence given before the recent Royal Commission. The right to freedom of speech is still yours—use it before it is taken away or before it withers away from disuse.

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# tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

The American homophile movement took a great stride forward toward maturity with the Mattachine Society's Sixth Annual Convention held this Labor Day weekend in Denver. The gay and beautiful Rocky Mountain city made a happy and lasting impression on the visitors from outside Colorado at the four-day meeting — 17 from California, 4 from New York, 3 from Illinois, 2 from Massachusetts and one each from Georgia, Louisiana, New Jersey, Michigan, Hawaii, Kansas and Wyoming. Twenty-three Coloradans registered for the convention, and a number of other persons made brief appearances. The arrangements had been well made by the efficient and smoothly organized Denver chapter of the Society, and the whole program went off extremely well.

The most surprising gain was in the matter of publicity. While American homophile organizations haven't hitherto been publicity-shy, none of them have ever taken the time or trouble to properly organize an effective publicity campaign. This the Denver group did, with publicity releases, personal contacts with newsmen, and press confer-

ences in which representatives of the Daughters of Bilitis and ONE, Inc., participated. The result was a full and fair coverage of the convention, in both the DENVER POST (five stories) and the ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS (four stories).

As the POST said on Sept. 5th: "Serious, intelligent and open discussion of a basic human problem is the aim of the sixth annual national convention of the Mattachine Society, Inc., now in session at the Albany Hotel, the editor of the National Matachine Review said here Saturday.

"Harold Call of San Francisco said the convention theme is 'New Frontiers in Acceptance of the Homophile.' The Friday night and Saturday sessions and the sessions Sunday all were scheduled as open to the adult public.

" 'The idea is to talk frankly about homosexuality — what it really is, and the intelligent attitude to take in facing the problems it poses for society,' Call said . . .

" 'Among those you love most deeply there is likely to be at least one homosexual person. It could be a son or daughter, brother or sister.

Most homosexuals are NOT insane, stupid, wilfully perverted, unnatural or socially incompetent as is often believed," he said.

"The fact is that most homosexuals can and do lead useful and productive lives... But homosexuals as such, have only limited social and civil rights... This is why a group of responsible, socially conscious citizens, including many who are not themselves homosexuals, has formed the Mattachine Society. Its purpose is to encourage medical and social research pertaining to socio-sexual behavior and to publish the results of such research. It sponsors educational programs to aid social and emotional variants and seeks to promote among the general public an understanding of the problems of such persons... It seeks to help develop social and moral responsibility in those persons whose behavior may vary from accepted present-day standards..."

That story in the POST also gave the post office box (7035, Capitol Hill Station, Denver 6) and the phone number of the Denver branch of the Society. As a result, several new people contacted the Society during and after the convention. Several other stories in both Denver papers accurately reported the activities of the convention and the purposes of the society—with a complete absence of the nasty little twists most publications put in when saying anything at all about the subject of homosexuality.

Sixty persons attended the reception in the Mural room of the Albany Friday night and were decked out with name tags—and remarkably few used pseudonyms. Many of the Denverites were gotten up fetchingly in fancy Western duds—this all being related to the city's centennial celebrations this year.

Saturday morning Donald S.

Lucas, secretary general of the Society, reported on the state of membership. Slightly over half (97) of the active members of the Society were in the San Francisco area, with 91 scattered between New York, Denver, Detroit, Boston, Phoenix, Chicago, Washington and Los Angeles, with the latter two groups temporarily dormant. There are also 86 subscribing members and a few in other categories such as Honorary Members. Mr. Lucas emphasized that the Society was neither a lonely-hearts club, nor a social club.

Reports from chairmen of the various areas followed. The Boston delegate referred to Provincetown as the first town in the U. S. to openly accept homosexuality. The Denver chairman mentioned the general response to convention arrangements. Of 112 persons invited to speak, only three (psychiatrists all) flatly refused, and one insultingly. The Detroit delegate urged the need for more careful standards for active membership. The New York chairman mentioned having gotten nearly 100 dollar-a-month pledges for the Area Council treasury. The San Francisco chairman announced Hal Call's appearance on a forthcoming B.B.C.-T.V. documentary with leading British literary critic, Ken Tynan, in a study of non-conformist groups in America. References were made to new homophile groups or groups studying deviant sexual problems in Washington, D. C., and Nassau County, N. Y.

At lunch, Russian-born Denver psychiatrist, Leo V. Tepley, M.D., spoke most charmingly on psychological aspects of homosexuality. "Wouldn't life be intolerable if all men's experiences were fully rational?" he asked. He noted that deviates have a high order of sensitivity.

An afternoon panel examined

"Civil Liberties and the Homophile." Dr. Wallace de Ortega Maxey, editor of the shortlived magazine, **Sex and Censorship**, unable to attend due to auto accident, was replaced on the panel by Dr. Robert Hamilton, psychology professor at San Francisco State College, who gave a perceptive account of the problems facing homophiles in the teaching profession.

Attorney Wm. F. Reynard, of the Colorado A.C.L.U. Board of Directors, said that while the Civil Liberties Union takes no position on the rights of states to pass laws against certain types of activities, it is concerned to see that the individual is treated with the due process of law accorded him by constitutional guarantee. He referred to the "forgotten" Ninth Amendment as the growing wedge for the maximum degree of freedom consonant with social welfare, and analyzed some of the social conditions leading to the current demands for these liberties being made by homosexuals. He discussed A.C.L.U. attitudes on various legal problems facing homosexuals.

The Hon. Robert E. Allen, majority floor leader of the Colorado House of Representatives, expressed consternation at the outmoded way in which the problem was handled by lawbooks, legislatures and police. "We certainly don't expect the police departments to have any skill in diagnosing or treating any elements of sexual variation," he said. Referring to the phrase, "crime against nature," he said, "We don't even describe murder that way, even though most people would agree murder is bad." He boldly recommended clarifications in the law, differentiating between homosexuality and criminal behavior; recognizing consenting behavior between adults; and more

careful definition of the indeterminate sentence laws as applied to certain classes of sexual offenses. "We've come through the greatest danger to the republic when all our international frustrations came out in McCarthyite self-devouring. Part of the price of working out of that was the desire for conformity and security," he said, and expressed his resolution to work for reformation of the law.

Fifty persons attended the annual banquet. Awards were presented in absentia to the Homosexual Law Reform Society of England, Robert Veit Sherwin author of **Sex and the Statutory Law**, Grove Press, for repeatedly bucking the censors with outstanding literary publications, and Berkeley FM station KPFA. Mrs. Leah Gailey, the mother who appeared on the KPFA program (text available for \$1 from ONE Book Service) was made member of the year, and five officers of the Daughters of Bilitis and ONE, Inc., were awarded Honorary Memberships.

Omer C. Stewart, Ph.D., Professor of Anthropology at the University of Colorado, spoke on "Homosexuality Among American Indians and Other Aboriginal Peoples." Quoting homosexual passages from the Gilgamesh Epic, one of the oldest examples of literature, he pointed out that anthropology must trace back to "lower" mammalian behavior. He insisted on a clear distinction between widespread "berdache" customs among preliterate peoples, involving a male prostitute or kept boy, and transvestism, frequently but not necessarily found in the same cases. He described the many societies in which shamanism, frequently associated with berdache customs, was the chief route to honor, power and prestige. Tracing these customs around the world, in nearly every

tribe and people, he suggested that instances of disapproval of homosexuality, at least among American Indians, can be traced to Christian influences. He mentioned that in Depression years, male prostitutes among Southern California Indians charged a standard price of two-bits.

Color slides of the Mattachine offices were shown Sunday morning, followed by a panel discussion chaired by Arthur Maule of New York, in which Miss Del Martin, President of the Daughters of Bilitis, and James Kepner, chairman of ONE, talked a bit too long to give Harold Call, representing the Society, much of a chance to speak. Miss Martin, after outlining briefly the aims and purposes of the exclusive Lesbian organization, which now has added to its San Francisco headquarters chapters in New York and Los Angeles, reported on the very fine research project the Daughters have carried out in the past year, attempting to determine the general social status and degree of adjustment of their members. And she pointed up several snags they had run up against, with improperly worded questions. This excellent paper, containing a number of surprising conclusions, has now been printed in the Sept. 1959 issue of **The Ladder** and will be reprinted in ONE INSTITUTE QUARTERLY.

Mr. Kepner discussed the differences and similarities between the various organizations, suggesting that ONE addressed its voice chiefly to the homosexual and the Society more to the general public.

This was followed by an auto excursion to Central City, Lucius Beebe's lavish old gold mining town near Denver, site of the oldest Opera House in the West. Several members got themselves photoed in front of the "Glory Hole" there—a gay bar.

The Annual Business Meeting was held on Monday. New officers were elected (MacDonald Sardeson of San Francisco as chairman, Harry Bateman of Denver as vice chairman) and Los Angeles was chosen (if re-activated) as the site of the next convention—1960 being the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Mattachine movement in Los Angeles.

The Daughters of Bilitis had an orientation meeting Monday with a group of prospective members from Denver, and following that, ONE Institute had the first of three extension classes, the other two being on Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

This reporter left Denver with a glow. The convention was a huge success. The press coverage was revolutionary. The Denver group of the Society left all the visitors full of admiration.

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## film review:

# THE THIRD SEX

Magazines running innocuous little articles often use the eye-catching gimmick of entitling such literary tea-cakes "Teenage Vice" (smoking in school), "Sin in a Nudist Paradise" (Sun Club's Annual Report). *The Third Sex*, a Swedish film dealing with homosexuality, uses this gimmick, but artistically, erotically and intellectually contributes strictly nothing to the problem and even less to the reputation of the Swedish film industry.

To encompass the entire homosexual question in a single film is impossible. To cope adequately with any single aspect of it with intelligence, sensitivity or authenticity requires artistic genius of outstanding caliber. This insipid film makes a brave attempt which is the nicest thing one can say about it.

A wealthy middle-class banker and his good wife come to the regrettable conclusion that their son is homosexual because he prefers art to banking and music to money. The film deals first with the father's ridiculous attempt to wean his son from a friendship with a genuine, but a trifle moronic, homophile youth. The story then covers the mother's attempt, after an ineffectual crusade for tolerance, to do likewise by bribing the maid-servant to seduce the lad. Brilliant dramatic material wasted.

Curiously enough the film springs to life only in the seduction scene, done with refreshing charm and deli-

cacy, and the lyrical heterosexual love scenes which follow.

An abortive attempt at documentary is the father's search for his son which leads him through the gay bar haunts. Here a magnificent opportunity to capture pictorially the frenzied searching, the hysterical gaiety, the loneliness which is the core of the homophile's tragedy, is again wasted. An unconvincing scene of a drag floor-show, crudely treated in vaudeville fashion, emerges and the film's first step forward in sociology is achieved: father's discovery that beer and whiskey are a fatal combination, a fact that every male knows irrespective of his sexual inclinations.

The servant girl's performance, however, is excellent. Full credit, too, to the moronic homophile's mother who, in a one-minute scene with twenty lines to speak seated behind a sewing machine, subtly conveys the whole stunned horror and the agonized bitterness of the thing called acceptance.

The villain of the piece is an elderly roué, art dealer, philanthropist who gathers his handsome young charges at intimate affairs held behind locked doors and rejoices, by the name of Boris.

One such orgy, which the film insinuates forms the homosexual's regular social life, is the big scene, shot with both eyes firmly on box office returns. The setting is a hall luridly decorated with dragons, nude statuary featuring chiefly Apollo, masks and

spears, while tendrils of smoke arise languidly and shadows of boys dancing together play on the walls! A hideous noise perhaps intended to be decadent music, emerges from a wierd electronic organ, strongly reminiscent of the laboratory of Frankenstein. A sinister butler hovers about and the affair is presided over by Boris, complete with quilted smoking jacket and wicked leer.

The highlight of the picture is unquestionably the Spirit of Ancient Greece: A fast wrestling match by two almost naked youths in sexy white satin trunks. Mercifully the camera catches only glimpses of muscular white bodies whirling suggestively. But alas the protégés of Boris stand around like depressed sheep. Your reviewer has seen more animation at the Annual Chrysanthemum Show at Little Tiddles by-the-Sea.

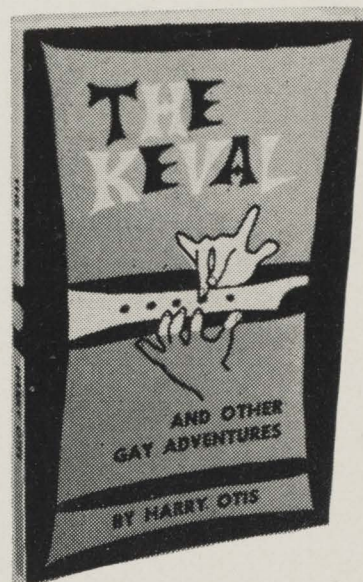
Exactly why the police should ignore the father's witch hunt against Boris (the son has fallen in love with the maid thus solving the burning question of homosexuality) due to insufficient evidence, yet make a big deal over the counter accusation of Boris—the plot presumably thickens here—of the doting parents' act of procuration, simply because the maid and son were left unchaperoned at home overnight, is nexer explained.

But the breathless climax rushes upon us in a dramatic courtroom sequence. The mother is convinced and a wise judge kindly points out the message: If you can't shoot your mama in Massachusetts, neither can mama encourage prostitution among minors to prove her son's heterosexuality in Sweden.

A thought-provoking sentiment in a poor, banal attempt to openly treat homosexuality as a subject for discerning cinema-goers, indeed.

L. de N.

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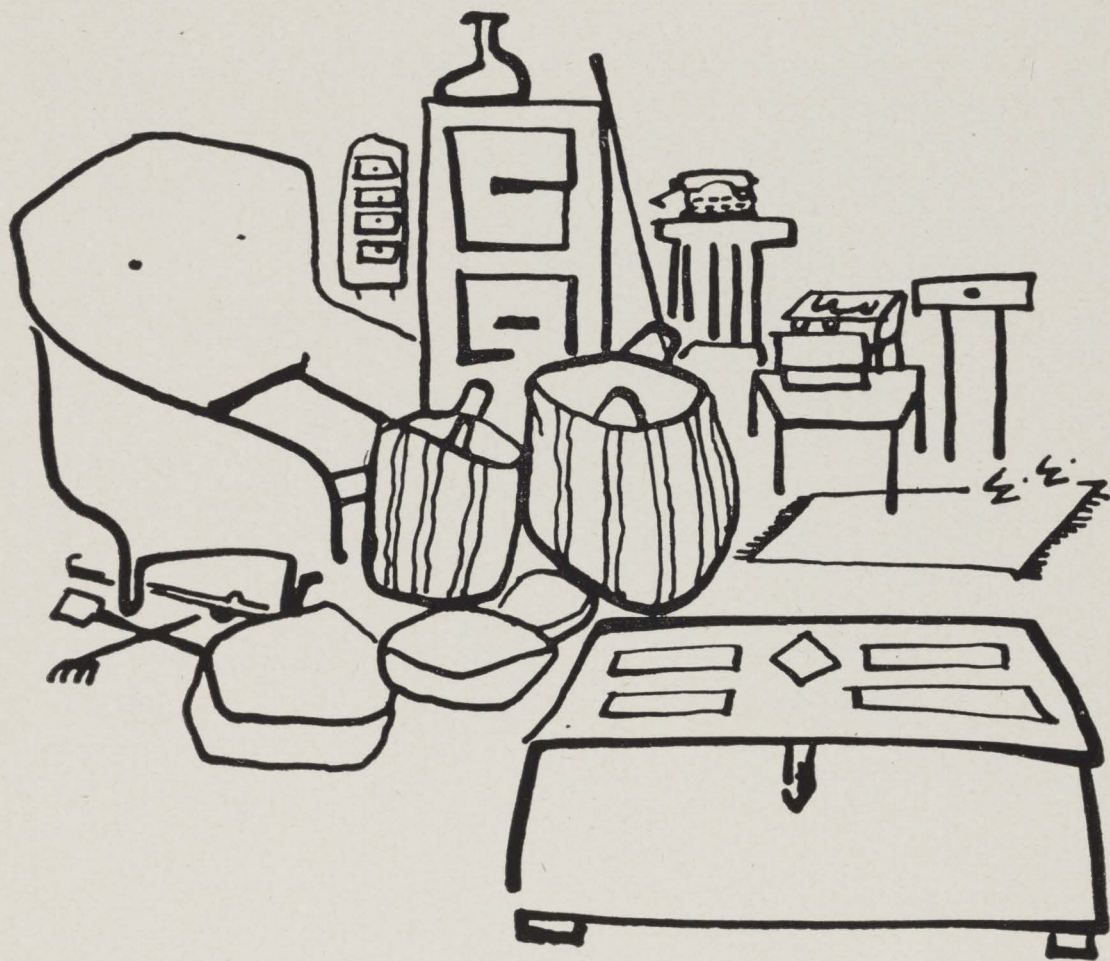
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# a place to park



fiction by eve elloree

"Jackie says the cedar chest has to go—you know—in the kitchen—she can't reach the sink without getting nurse-maid's knees or something. We had it in the bedroom, but Jackie wanted to use that silly little closet . . . so we tried the living room . . ."

"Is it one of those cedar chests that looks like a cedar chest?"

"Heavens no—but after we piled all those books on it and the TV and the acorns and that bust of Aristophanes—Jackie's crazy about frogs—you couldn't tell *what* it was, let alone ever get into it. Gad, this car heats up—they say all Ramblers do it—and then I got seed fever this spring and wanted to get out my gardening tools and some crocks and that fertilizer that was left over from last year, so I moved the cedar chest into the kitchen . . ."

"Why don't you make a bench out of it—get some foam rubber from Akron's and cover it with sisal cloth or something perky? . . ."

"Well, it WAS a bench before it was a cedar chest. The trouble with things to put things in is there's never any place for it—them, I mean. If we *had* a garage I know we'd never be able to use it for the car. Speaking of sisal, I sent for some Mexican sisal carry-all bags—two sizes—small and large. The SMALL one is a real HAMPER. When I get typewriter, a ream of paper and that little table and a couple of pillows and the picnic basket in it there's still room—but I can't lift it. I haven't unfurled the large one yet. Would they have any Mexican sisal bags in L. A.? No. I have to send to New York! You know there's people in New York living on top of a book store, yet they'll send way out here for *Hadrian's Memoirs* and all that stuff!"

"There's one!"

"Where?"

"No—too late."

"I could take those files out of the bathroom, stand the cedar chest on end and make a cupboard out of it—but where would I put the files? They'd be worse in front of the sink than the chest is."

"What are they—four-drawer files?"

"One is. The other is three. They were having a sale at Bill's Ranch Market and I needed them. Even so, I still have ten years of *Life* to clip, to say nothing of all the *Holidays* and three years of *New Yorkers*—I could put the files in the hall and move the butter churns . . . Oh maybe the files would fit under the bed sideways . . . no, I forgot, the camping equipment is under there . . ."

"Why don't you take those Eucalyptus branches out?"

"My LOGS? I'm going to do some carving someday!"

"Those cement blocks take up more room than a grand piano . . ."

"It took 19 trips to get those and since Harry was giving them away . . ."

"What are you ever going to do with those crates of wooden phonograph needles?"

"Pull that knob that says PUSH will you?—over there next to the oil gage. I'm going to make hot mats for hot dishes with them."

"What hot dishes?"

"To SELL! You know lots of people have hot dishes they can't put anywhere."

"Crazy."

"I wonder if Jackie could be persuaded to give up those auto parts in the diningroom—she'll never find anything that transmission'll fit in . . ."

"THERE'S one!"

# "Louises"

Dear Jo:

Hi, darling. I received your most welcome letter; but, honey, parts of it didn't sound like you! So you met (my "old flame," as you put it,) Louise! You know perfectly well that Louise wasn't a "flame," she was one of my "emotional wild-horses!" The frantic feeling tore around inside of me for a while, but it wasn't real to begin with, and so, it didn't even have the stamina to die a glorious death. It just "wasn't." One day I looked at Louise, and she seemed to be pathetically ordinary and not at all the beauty I had imagined her to be. Somehow, she wasn't even Louise anymore . . . not my Louise; because my "Louise" was created inside my vivid imagination. She never did the things human beings do endlessly. She was ethereal. She was a dream that I had managed to weave about an unsuspecting mortal. These emotional outbursts are not restricted to any certain age group; so simply because a person has reached a comfortable eighty, that doesn't assure his safety. Although the attacks may occur less frequently as time goes by, once in a while, even the most mature may meet her "Louise"! And then, the agony begins! "Louise" is usually somebody in an office; or she may ride the 8:40 every morning; or she may live next door. And usually, she is completely oblivious to us, living her own very, very heterosexual life. "Louise" may never have heard about homosexuality; or worse, if she recognizes it, she immediately terms us as "queer"; or even worse, she may become actually frightened of our devoted, but blank, stares. People in our way of life have lost jobs, missed trains, and even become alienated from home and family, because of these seemingly uncontrollable emotional storms. And, the sad part about it is, that the feeling involved, as beautiful as it may seem to be, is completely false. It just isn't real. It's a phoney; an outlet; a pent-up urge, trying to pass itself off as real feeling. Perhaps only the very young consider themselves "in love" at this time, but even we who are old enough to know better, moon a little, and think that there must be something to it, or "I wouldn't feel like this!" No, baby no, granny—there is nothing to it! It just "ain't so." You're kidding yourself. Your emotional wild-horses are tearing off in the general direction of nowhere, and dragging you with them. Let go of the reins. Free yourself. Nobody wants to be near a phoney; why should you? There you are, mooning over your

"Louise", but she isn't thinking about you. Why? because there isn't any real reason why she should. That phoney feeling is inside of you, and she doesn't share it. Immature people, who have been torn by these emotional sprees, have made serious mistakes. Some of them have imagined that they were suffering from "unrequited love" . . . but the sad part of it is, that there simply was no love of any kind involved. Because this selfish fixation is not love. It isn't even admiration. Basically, it is a form of self-love, perhaps; but this is only a name for selfishness of the first order! Far from the values of love; which is, in its very essence, an outgiving—a pouring forth from self. A distribution of self. Usually too, our attraction to these "Louises" in our lives, lies in the physical realm. Our "Louises" always seem to resemble someone we once loved, or someone we would like to love. Sometimes we never even speak to these people; we know them so little. Why can't we stand off at a distance from our pettiness and laugh at ourselves. We should. All right. It isn't really funny, is it? When she walks through the room, your heart comes up in your throat and chokes you. When her eyes meet yours, you melt inside; and when she smiles at you (if she ever does), you are ready for the gates of heaven to swing wide, because you are certain that you have just seen an angel. Well, the sad fact is, that you aren't . . . and you haven't! What you saw was a simple human being, and you clothed her with golden glory, out of the depths of your vivid imagination!

No solution? Oh yes, there is a solution, a very definite solution. Begin by really loving your "Louise." Include her in your "this-is-wonderful" feeling that you may have on a good day, when you are feeling tops, and at peace with the world. Start being glad for her, and about her. Stop mooning! Love her! Rejoice in her. Be glad that she's happy . . . (without you)! Be glad that she's got a boy friend! (The supreme test of your sincerity.) Be glad she's living a heterosexual life; be happy for her, that she can get married and have babies! Wish her happiness, in your mind, whenever you think of her. Don't stare at her with a stupid expression of frustration in your eyes; don't look at her with longing. Smile at her. And, above all, bless her! Wish for her, the very, very best that you can imagine, regardless of whether or not this may include falling in love with you! Bless her, and desire her happiness above your own, and then, with your miserable little heart full of REAL love for her, you'll find your release from the selfish emotional wild-horse that has been tormenting you. You certainly can't lose anything . . . because you had nothing to begin with, except an emotional storm, raging within you. Replace it with a blessing, and you will find your freedom . . . and perhaps, even a new friend. Who knows?

Well, I seem to have repeated the things that I've told you many times before, Jo. Anyway, I wish you'd hurry home. I guess I've got all my emotional wild-horses centered on you now. Okay?

Love,  
Jay.

## COME TO ME WITH EMPTY HANDS

Come to me with empty hands, denuded  
Of glitt'ring things the world would recognize.  
Carry no baubles, trinkets worth a ransom  
That shout to housetops, "She's my loved prize."

Bring me, instead, the eyes  
Brim full of kindness,  
Telling me daily  
Where thy love doth hide.  
Bring me the lips  
That smile away my sadness  
And tell, again,  
Of love's sojourn inside.

Tell only me the secret of thy loving,  
'Tis a bright-eyed secret we two share.  
I need no other prize but thee, my darling.  
As for the world—it does not know—nor care.

Jacqueline Lawson

# TOWARD UNDERSTANDING

*The purpose of this column is to create a better understanding of homosexual problems through the psychiatric viewpoint.*

Dear Dr. Baker:

I have been wanting to write to someone for a long time. I think I have a problem; I am trying to find out what I am.

I read your July column and also August and found them interesting. In the August issue page 21 Dr. Hooker said, "God forbid that any boy should grow up to be a homosexual." I think that was unfair. If I am or were a real homosexual, I'd be as proud of it as I am my name.

As a boy I can't recall ever having had anything to do with boys until about 1944 or 1945 when my family moved to a better side of town. At that time I was about fourteen and had to make all new friends; I had good clean fun with boys and girls and only had sex with girls. A boy who lived across the street from me was also in my room at school, and I protected him when the children picked on him and called him "fag-got boy." Somehow we became close friends and did our homework together over at his house in his room. Gradually we started to hug and kiss and I enjoyed it more than I had with the girls. He wanted to teach me how to have sex with him but I always said no. We did, however, masturbate each other when we kissed too much, but I only had sex with girls. This went on for five years.

In 1950 I joined the paratroopers and became "all man." I met a few homosexuals in the service but never had anything to do with them. In 1951 the girl I was going with got pregnant; I wanted to marry her but she refused. She said she could not marry me because I often acted more like a girl than she did. The next



BLANCHE M. BAKER, M.D., Ph.D.

year I got married to a girl I felt I loved but came to hate. In 1957 I met a nice girl who was just what a man needed. I even planned to get a divorce and marry her because we had been living together common-law for one year. No one said anything about my having extra-long fingernails or wearing tight clothes or taking every Friday night as my "night out." One Friday night in January, 1958, I went into a bar I had never been in before. It turned out to be gay. As I turned to leave, I came face to face with the first earth angel I'd ever met. Oh! yes, it was a "queen." No one had to tell me I loved her. I took her home with me and confessed to my girl-friend. She was very understanding and moved out and my queen moved in. Words

cannot express our happiness. We were in a dream world. We walked down the street with our arms around each other. We shopped for her dresses together (she stayed in drag 75% of the time. No one knew she was a queen. But one day we made it publicly known because we heard a heterosexual downing one of our friends. The town was shocked. Especially my mother. But my love was grand. She taught me everything she knew about homosexuality. The next thing I knew I walked, talked and acted like a homosexual. The only thing I never did was give my body to any man homosexual or heterosexual.

To make the letter short I'll come to the last days. She loved to dance. The doctor told her she had to stop because of her heart. She didn't and in May she had a heart attack and died in the hospital. Three weeks ago I moved from the East Coast and came to California to live. I often get stopped by cops on the street. They always ask if I am gay. I find I come out better if I say yes, all my life. When I walk down the street people laugh, etc. But I laugh back. I honestly pity them. I feel they are missing something wonderful in life. Did you know that a good homosexual never says I love you from my heart? We know that the heart has nothing to do with love; we know that love is in the mind, not in the body.

Most heterosexuals live and love for sex and when its no longer good they find another mate, always for sex. The only company I enjoy is being with a group of good clean homosexuals and I keep praying that people will learn to accept us and our way of life as we accept them.

Will you send me a personal answer or one in the magazine?

Yours truly,  
G. J.

Dear G. J.:

Thank you for your detailed letter. Although it is much different, there is a similarity in mood with the letter of J. J. K. so that I think they belong together in this column. Their happy accepting attitude toward homosexuality is quite in contrast with most of the letters I receive, especially with the depressed letters of J. H. D. Jr., which were published last month. However, to be accurate in a psychiatric way, I must honestly say that the two letters published this month are euphoric or as exaggerated in a slap-happy way as were the depressed letters of J. H. D. Jr., unhappy in their mood. In other words, I do not recommend the two letters published this month as models of accurate or positive thinking any more than I do the two published last month. Homosexuality is not to be considered a blessing any more than it is to be considered a curse *per se*. In this column we try to find out the truth about homosexuality. I do not consider it a disease any more than I do red hair, yet both conditions can cause many to feel handicapped as either can be turned into an asset if it is accepted and woven into the total pattern of the personality on a useful basis. I'm pleased that you find the column interesting.

Your observation about Dr. Evelyn Hooker's comment in the August issue of ONE "and 'God forbid' that any boy should grow up to be a homosexual" seems to be appropriate from one viewpoint but all of us must consider the audience to whom she was speaking, a hard-boiled group of Venereal Disease workers. Earlier in the same article the author stated: "It was apparent that her vital message did not penetrate the armor of preconceived opinion of Social Welfare attitude and training in which the audience, composed mostly of Social Workers, Probation Officers,

Doctors, Nurses, Teachers, etc. came protected." Perhaps you know the ugly truth that at the present time venereal diseases are kept going by homosexuals—so no wonder the audience was skeptical. Those of us who know Dr. Hooker personally realize that she is a rare and unusual friend of the homosexual. I have no doubt that her remark was a little "shocker" thrown in to startle her audience.

It seems to me that you have displayed considerable blindness in accepting the kind of person you are. Could it be that you read ONE and have not yet recognized that you are quite definitely bi-sexual—and perhaps even more homo—than bi-? It seems to me that for all your rejoicing about having discovered the homosexual way of life that you protest entirely too much. Your history is quite typical of latent homosexuals. As a matter of fact, homosexuality usually shows up quite definitely at about the time of puberty. According to your history you had your first homo affair with "The Faggot Boy" when you were coming into puberty in early adolescence. You seem to deny having sex with him but you tell of mutual masturbation after the two of you had become over-stimulated through hugging and kissing. Yet you seem to take a smug puritanical pride in the fact that you did not have sex with him. I have been doing sex and marriage counseling for over twenty years, yet I must confess that I am rather confused by your hair-splitting over what is "sex" (which you seem to feel is something evil except with girls). You also speak of having "good clean fun" with both boys and girls. Now I *am* confused! When is sex dirty and when is it just good clean fun? Then you became a paratrooper and "all man." I wonder? Were the strict rules about homosexuality in the Armed Forces suffi-

cient to cork up your real feelings which again became latent until you met your "first earth angel," your "queen" despite the fact that you had gone with many girls; had conceived a child by one girl (who would not marry you because you were too feminine); married another girl whom you came to hate; lived in common-law marriage for one year with another girl who "had just what a man needed." It is curious that you never dress in drag yet wear long finger-nails and tight clothes. I wonder why the cops challenge you so frequently for being gay and why you find you get off easier if you admit you have been one all your life? Because you have had intercourse with women but not with men does not make you a true heterosexual. As a matter of fact, your handwriting shows many of the characteristics of an overt homosexual. Using Gavin Arthur's "Circle of Sex," I would classify you as a quasi-homosexual—in other words, one who is bi-sexual, but more homosexual than bi-sexual. You say, "Everybody seems to know but me." Why not wake up?

The tragic story of your love for your "queen" has much deep significance for the psychiatrist. I'm afraid you do not know just how much your denial of full sexual release with "her" may have contributed to her death. In the eloquent language of the body, "she" died of a broken heart. Perhaps you can't see this for you state quite glibly "... the heart has nothing to do with love." I would suggest that you read some books on Psychosomatic Medicine before you make another big mistake. I can recommend "Mind and Body" by Dr. Flanders Dunbar or her more technical book, "Psychosomatic Medicine." You have a lot to learn and it may be necessary for you to go through a lot more sorrow before you begin to see the light. You may not like what

I say and may consider me an old joy-killer. If you don't agree with me, so be it! I do not try to tell people what is right and wrong for them. Above all I do not want anyone to change his ideas and ways of doing things just because I say so. However, I do like to suggest that people try to take a more balanced viewpoint—and just plain common sense—what ever that is—should show you that there is not as much difference between the love of heteros and homos as you have indicated. In all my years of marriage-counseling I have not found that “all heteros marry just for sex.” As a matter of fact, I find that more homo-marriages are based on sex for I am so frequently urging homos to become friends first if they want their close relationship to last—and the same goes for heterosexuals. As Dr. Paul Popenoe of the Marriage Institute in Los Angeles has said, “Sex as a one-string fiddle makes poor music.” I do hope that some of you homosexuals who know this to be the truth—who have lived together for twelve to twenty-five years or longer—would write letters to this column so I could get some data on this subject for it is the common belief that homo relationships are ephemeral and do not last. But I do not agree that a person has a good clean character just because he is homo any more than if he were a hetero. It is an individual matter.

Sincerely,  
Dr. Blanche

Dear Dr. Baker:

I may sound like a complete nut to you but I have to tell someone.

I am convinced that being a homosexual is not a handicap, sickness or anything else, but is instead a very definite blessing. Let me explain.

Up until January of this year I

was completely normal, as it were, or so I thought. I was the leader of a rough and tumble group of young men, participating in sports, hot rod races, and general corner drug store antics.

Yet all this time I seemed incomplete, unfinished—something from my life was missing. I began losing interest in the corner gang, and instead began searching, searching for something. I would get up each day with the prayer that I might find my missing part.

On January 18th it happened. It was Sunday and late at night. A friend of mine had invited me to go for a ride with him in his car. We drove to a desolate, sandy beach; there was a bright moon. He slid over next to me and put his arms around me. Then we began talking about sex and he began asking me about my sexlife. There was little to tell. I felt I knew him a hundred years. I admit I was shocked when I felt him fondle me; but I loved it, and asked him to go farther. The next half hour opened my eyes to a new world. At long last I had found what I was looking for.

Now I walk with a smile on my face a gleam in my eye, and a song in my heart. I've found my place in the world and I love it. I have been blessed. So tell your readers not to be afraid; never a more wholesome group of wonderful people ever lived.

Yours truly,  
J. J. K.

Dear J. J. K.:

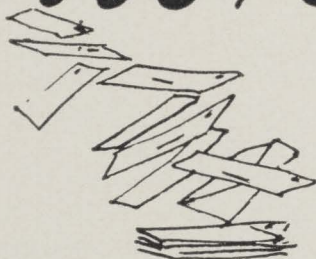
Your letter containing your story about discovering the joys of “coming out” is very interesting, chiefly because you were so late in discovering your latent homosexuality. You do not give your age, but it is apparent that you have passed beyond your early adolescence in which you found

outlet for your sex drives as the leader of a "rough and tumble group of young men." Although most people do not recognize it, you were "protesting too much." I find it rather common for men with latent homosexual tendencies to try to cover their sensitive natures by over-doing the rough stuff. I am sure you will find a happier adjustment in life by accepting your true nature. Thus, instead of putting so much of your vital energy into building smoke screens to hide behind, you can apply this same creative energy into working out a truly artistic sexual routine based on

mutual interests and understanding friendships. Thus you could build a truly happy, creative life with someone whom you can respect and cherish. I'd love to hear what you have to say about it all a year from now. Remember that you have had a fortunate experience but not all homos are angels any more than all heteros are devils. Discrimination is important in all aspects of life. Just now you are wearing rose-colored glasses!

With all good wishes,  
Sincerely,  
Dr. Blanche

# Letters



UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES DO THE EDITORS FORWARD LETTERS FROM READERS TO OTHER PERSONS NOR DO THEY ANSWER CORRESPONDENCE MAKING SUCH REQUESTS.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial statement (July, 1959) "Homosexual acts between consenting adults are neither antisocial, nor sinful": this with the rest of your platform has my assurance and I am willing to back it to the utmost. The poem by Willis Eberman, "Other People" sure thrilled me. Also the item about one of the largest parks in one of the largest cities: Central Park in New York brought back many wonderful memories of my most wonderful times after dark... Time is endless. It seems there is no end to this endless chain of events.

Mr. W.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Gentlemen:

Have enjoyed your magazine immensely since discovering it about a year ago through friends from New York. Would it be possible for you to run an article or series on "Gay Resorts"? On the East Coast we have Ogunquit, Me., Provincetown, Mass., Fire Island, N. Y., New Hope, Pa., etc., which I am sure your West Coast readers would enjoy reading about. We in turn would certainly appreciate hearing about places where our friends on the West Coast and in the Midwest enjoy their vacations. I am certain it would be worth the effort and certainly make interesting reading.

Mr. P.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dear Sir:

By a stroke of luck or fate I discovered a copy of ONE in the drawer of an hotel at a seaside resort near Cape Town. I found it to be a most fascinating magazine of a very high quality. Some years back in a magazine called **People Today** I vaguely remember a friend of mine pointing out an article stating that such a magazine was being published. As I could not trace it further I presumed that this venture had petered out.

I myself am twenty-three, fond of reading and dabble in art and music although I am not particularly knowledgeable in the latter two. I am fond of the social whirl, but for obvious reasons do not attend queer parties too frequently.

Mr. F.  
CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA

Dear ONE:

I was pleasantly surprised to hear of ONE quite recently since in the two years I have been in LA no one had mentioned it to me. I grant that most of my friends are not by any stretch of the imagination intellectuals, or even thinkers.

In the one issue I have read I find thoughts and idealisms expressed in almost the words I might use myself, which others obviously might use but rarely do. I believe our greatest fear is something akin to that of the New Yorker who, to avoid being mistaken for a tourist, has never looked up at the top of the Empire State Building; we're afraid of being taken for romanticists—even though we are. And so many of us are waiting for someone else to first admit to romanticism.

Mr. L.  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Dear Sirs:

A few days ago I was able to obtain a copy of ONE. From reading it I am much impressed. I am a very lonely man since my very best friend had to move to Chicago for business reasons. One thing I do not believe in is making a pickup just for the physical satisfaction involved. To me this part of our lives must be on a very high standard and if we keep it that way it is a thing of real beauty. But how do we get acquainted? This is the one very important subject you seem to skip. At forty, with a business of my own, twice divorced, there is the age-old problem of finding someone who shares one's same desires. I do not drink and believe I have at least above average standard of morals.

Please in your future issues of ONE can you deal with this problem? Thanks for a fine magazine and keep up the good work.

Mr. F.  
DAYTON, OHIO

Dear Friends:

Let's join hands and become a majority and: Transform our individual weaknesses into a tower of united strength, our lonely lives into days full of companionship and joy; live and work for other homosexuals instead of just ourselves (are we capable of this sacrifice, which in the end isn't a sacrifice)? emphasize the beauty and the good in homosexuality in place of the ugly and evil; help change the laws so we can be law-abiding instead of lawless; help make ONE and other homosexual magazines worthy of their destinies. If we all join hands we can discover a life that is truly Gay! I hope all this does not sound too much like a sermon. In any case, I enclose a small amount for the collection box this Sunday morning.

Mr. M.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

**one**

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Dear Editor:

Permit me to use the pages of ONE to appeal to readers to redouble their efforts to make the life of the homosexual American a safer one, or if they have never made any such efforts, to start today. The best thing that anyone can do is to support ONE and spread the knowledge of its existence. Give as many gift subscriptions as you can afford. Urge those who can to subscribe themselves. Make it available to straight people who you think capable of a broader understanding.

We exist today by the sufferance and toleration of a few politicians and police officials. No matter how good conditions may seem anywhere in the United States they can crack the whip any time they desire, with disastrous results for many. More emphatically than anyone else ONE is insisting on the God-given and Constitutional rights of homosexuals to the full benefits of citizenship in a Democracy.

The voice that has begun to speak must never be silenced until all that it urges is achieved. If it were to fail that failure would be greeted as proof that U. S. homosexuals are not a force to be taken seriously. I wonder if we really are not, or whether after all we are capable of the united and sustained action that is needed (including sacrifice) to win respect for our rights.

Mr. S.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hi Fellows!

Re the troubles you have had with the Canadian Customs Officials in trying to get your books, etc., into Canada, it wouldn't surprise me at all that you are still having trouble even though there has been a change of our

government. In fact the Censor has become worse in the past few months, especially in Ontario, to the point where magazines such as "Playboy" with female nudes are now banned.

We are having a terrible time here in Toronto. The police have recently sprung upon us the most terrifying raids into the theaters to the point where fifty are arrested in one pick-up. But all of this will blow over. They'll quiet down for a time only to spring upon us again. You know, I think the coppers are terribly jealous! What is even more terrifying is the fact that they raid these theaters not in uniform but in ordinary dress.

**Mr. E.  
TORONTO, ONTARIO**

Dear Sirs:

I first became acquainted with your magazine while visiting friends this summer. After reading it I no longer felt as if we were the so-called "lost sheep" of society. Truly, your publication is a must for all homophiles, if not for all of society. Perhaps in time a better understanding will be had of our problems and heartaches. Best wishes to all on the staff. I feel I know you all personally already.

**Mr. J.  
OTTUMWA, IOWA**

Dear Bill:

It was so interesting to read the description of the offices and see your pictures (ONE Confidential, July, 1959)—I thought the other day that it would be nice to see what some of the people looked like. Especially for those of us who are so far away. Maybe one of these years I'll get out for a visit.

In the event you may be curious about some of us who have been just names for the past few years I'm thirty-eight. Hold down an executive position and live a very quiet little life—dinner with old friends, movies, that sort of thing. In bed by ten, extent of drinking, one cocktail before dinner. Very "normal" looking with fluffy hair, dresses, etc. It disturbs me that some of the rest of the crowd haven't adjusted to living more conservatively. I used to be much more extreme but am hap-

pier looking like an average person. I think a lot of it is a need for attention, which I just outgrew!

Friends are all the men in the crowd rather than women, as I prefer them, and certainly think we should all work together. My friends are glad of a girl they can take out to dinner, etc., just as a friend, and all live about as quietly as I do. It's too bad people don't realize what conservative lives some of us lead.

Suppose you've seen the article in "Confidential" on Cherry Grove. I'm afraid everything in it is true! It's gotten pretty out of hand. I'm one of the few who go out there for a rest weekends. I admire their capacity for drinking. Breakfast is a Bloody Mary out there!

**Miss R.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Gentlemen:

My very best compliments to you on your August issue. I was especially gratified by Don Slater's Editorial and by Dr. Baker's discussion of the genetic components in every human. I have had several unpleasant experiences with homosexuals who thought I ought to defend homosexuals no matter what they did, and it has long been my belief that no matter what psychological experiences have influenced the homosexual toward his sexual bias, these experiences would have been ineffectual without a genetic predisposition.

I believe your readers have a comprehension of the difficulties with which you contend and are profoundly grateful to you for the measure of success you attain.

**Mr. P.  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**

Dear Friends in California:

I liked your article (September, 1959) on Pen Pals. Why not? As you have indicated, there are one or two body-building organizations (one around Chicago) operating (illegally? I hope not!) something of this nature. I hope ONE may soon be in a position to operate a Pen Pal club for gay boys.

**Mr. P.  
LANSING, MICH.**

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